

I Have You

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Summary:

Horror movie night with the Losers Club.

I Have You

Author's Note:

Okay, so this is just a little something of the Losers Club hanging out together with a dash of Reddie cuteness thrown in, because it makes me happy. Hope you enjoy!

(Note: There's a slight inaccuracy here, as the second movie they watch wasn't really available in North America until its dvd-release in the 2000's (at least according to my information), but I really wanted to have them watch it in this fic, so let's just pretend it's some type of bootleg tape, or something.

Sitting down on the floor of the Denbrough living room, Ben gave the stack of video tapes on the living room table an amused smile.

"Seems like after what we've been through the last thing we should want to do is watch a bunch of horror movies. But I've been looking forward to this all week."

"Yeah, me too," Bev smiled. "Seems kinda weird, doesn't it?"

"It's not at all weird," Richie said, pouring chips into a bowl on the table. "And I'll give you three reasons why: a) No horror movie could top the shit we've seen in real life, so we have no reason to freak out and b) even if we do get freaked out by any of these movies, it's good to face your fears, right? That's the whole reason we were able to win against that... fucker in the first place. And c) it's October, and we're required by law to watch as many horror movies as we can. I don't make the rules." He looked up at them with a fake-serious expression, then continued pouring up snacks. Stan rolled his eyes.

"W-w-well, I think this will be f-fun, but if anyone g-g-gets freaked out, l-l-let me know, and we'll j-j-just do something else, n-n-no judgement." Bill said and walked towards the stack of tapes. "So, w-w-what's first?"

"It's always good to kick off a horror movie night with a classic. I say we watch *The Exorcist*," Bev said eagerly. Everyone liked her suggestion.

"I've never seen it before," Eddie said as they put the tape in and pressed 'Play'. Richie looked up, mouth falling open in exaggerated shock.

"No...! Oh, my dear Eddie Spaghetti, you are woefully uneducated! But fear not, you are now finally about to partake of this fine piece of cinematic history."

"Stop calling me Eddie Spaghetti, dammit!"

The movie started. All the Losers squirmed, screeched and laughed nervously as little Regan MacNeil's behavior grew increasingly disturbing. Richie felt a sense of relief. In spite of what he'd said earlier, he had been a little worried that watching horror movies might bring back bad memories from what happened over the summer, but so far he was doing fine. He was a little creeped out by the movie (that movie *always* creeped him out, even though he'd watched it many times), but he was not creeped out in a bad way. In fact, he was enjoying himself thoroughly.

"Suck it, Pennywise, you loser! You couldn't spoil horror for me!"

On the screen, Regan fell back on the bed, growling in an inhuman voice. Eddie gasped and grabbed a pillow, clutching it tight. Richie sniggered.

*"Just wait until the pea soup-scene. Let's see how he reacts to **that**."*

The scene came. Father Karras entered Regan's room to determine whether she was really possessed. Richie sat up straight, glancing excitedly at Eddie. At the sight of Regan's face, already messy, Eddie's lips twitched in disgust and he began to fidget. Suddenly remembering Eddie in the sewer, covered in goo and screaming *"I'm gonna kill you!"* Richie felt a stab of guilt, and changed his mind. He leaned closer to Eddie.

"Just so you know, she's about to projectile-vomit all over him."

Eddie immediately hid his face behind his pillow with a little squeak.

"I'll tell you when it's over," Richie said, putting his hand on Eddie's knee. Father Karras asked the demon a question, to which he got a load of pea soup as an answer, and then it was a new scene. Richie patted Eddie's knee.

"You can look now."

Eddie peered cautiously out from behind the pillow, then lowered it with a relieved sigh.

"Thanks for the heads up," he said gratefully, kissing Richie's cheek. "That would have been too much for me."

"You can count on me, especially if you're gonna get sweet with me every time," Richie grinned.

Eddie just smiled and snuggled up closer against Richie. Richie's grin widened, and he put his arm around Eddie, resting his cheek against the top of Eddie's head.

The Exorcist ended, and they were about to select their next movie when the phone rang, and Bill went to answer it.

"Oh, hello, M-m-mrs K-k-kasprak. Okay, I'll get him. E-e-eddie! Your mom's on the phone."

"She's calling to see if I'm here. She can't get enough of me. Tell her not to be so damn clingy," Richie smirked as Eddie got up to take the call.

"Hi, mom. No, Bill's parents are out of town, but you don't have to worry. We're taking it easy. We're watching movies. No, nothing violent, just... classics. Musicals. Singin' in the Rain, that kind of thing. No, no unhealthy snacks. Just fruit. Yes... No. No, we won't be up too late, mom. I promise. Okay. See you tomorrow."

He hung up and sat back down on the couch next to Richie.

"She won't let you watch violent movies?" Mike asked.

"No, she thinks I'll have nightmares I won't be able to handle. Joke's on her, I already have nightmares, scary movies or no."

It was kind of sad, really, but for some reason this made all the Losers burst out laughing, Eddie most of all. He held up his glass of Coke:

"Here's to scary movies, and fuck the nightmares!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And to the Losers Club," Mike added.

"To the Losers Club!" they toasted.

"Okay," Stan said, setting down his glass. "What's next?"

"If you're up to trying something a little different, I brought something," Mike said, picking up a tape. "It's a Japanese flick."

"Oh, a m-m-monster movie?" Bill asked, interested.

"No. It's called House. Anyone here seen it before?"

No one had.

"What's it about?" Ben asked.

"It's about it's about a schoolgirl who goes to visit her aunt's house in the countryside with her friends, and supernatural stuff starts happening."

"Sounds like a regular ghost story to me," Eddie said. "What's so different about it?"

"Just watch and see," Mike chuckled.

"I'm in," Bev said. "Let's check it out."

Mike put the tape in, and the movie started. As it went on, Richie found himself staring at the screen in complete disbelief. He glanced at the others, and they too were watching the movie with wide eyes and open mouths. Turning back to the movie, he watched for another ten minutes, then couldn't keep quiet any longer:

"Okay, what the fuck? Am I seeing this, or did someone slip acid in my Coke?"

"Took the words right out my mouth," Ben laughed.

"Oh... if you guys don't like it we could watch something else..." Mike said.

"Don't you dare touch that remote!" Richie said. "This is the weirdest fucking movie I've ever seen, but it's... fucking awesome!"

"Agreed," Bill said. "I-it's... d-d-different, like you said. In a g-g-good way."

They kept watching, eyes glued to the tv-screen. Eddie and Richie stayed cuddled up against each other on the couch, laughing as the movie kept getting increasingly trippy.

"Did that guy just get turned into a pile of fucking bananas?! Actual bananas!"

The movie ended. Everyone was quiet for a moment.

"Well... that was wild," Bev said, drinking up the rest of her Coke.

"Holy shit... yeah. That was a good one, Mike," Richie said, reaching over to pat him on the back.

"I'm glad you all liked it," Mike said, pleased. "So, what's next?"

After some discussion, they decided on *The Burning*, as it was a movie none of them had seen. That too, turned out to be a good choice. It was both creepy and funny. During one particularly suspenseful part when the madman Cropsey stalked an unsuspecting camper, about to attack with his hedge clippers, Eddie grabbed Richie's hand, and he held onto it for the rest of the movie. Then, during one real shocker of a scene, Eddie and Richie both hid behind Eddie's pillow with exclams of "Oh, fuck!"

When they were done with that movie, they were beginning to get a little tired, but decided to squeeze in one more, and settled on *The Lost Boys*.

"Ugly mullet aside, that Kiefer Sutherland is quite hot," Beverly smiled during the opening scene, grabbing a handful of snacks.

"Oh yeah, definitely," Eddie agreed.

"What?" Richie looked up. "Not hotter than me, right?"

Everyone turned to stare at him.

"You have to ask?" Stan snorted.

"No," Eddie said, smiling softly at Richie. "Not hotter than you, not even close."

Stares were now directed at Eddie, who didn't even notice, but instead just kept gazing lovingly at Richie.

"Love truly is blind," Stan said, shaking his head.

A while later, Richie jerked awake, realizing he had dozed off some time during the latter half of the movie. Everyone else was asleep as well, and covered with blankets. The room was dark and the tv was off. Whoever was the last one awake must have turned it off and tucked them all in. Probably Bill. Richie smiled to himself when he noticed Bill and Stan, holding hands in their sleep.

Relaxing back onto the couch, he yawned and turned to look at Eddie, asleep next to him. He looked so pretty, so sweet and so peaceful in his sleep that Richie could feel his heart tremble, and his stomach weirdly felt as if it was filled not only with butterflies but also with soap bubbles and fluffy clouds, all at once.

"*Being in love feels like this*," he thought, not for the first time, smiling in quiet bliss.

Such a strange feeling, but so amazingly wonderful. Being with Eddie made him feel more vulnerable, but also stronger than he'd ever been in his life. He just wanted to wrap his arms around him and never let go. As he reached out to carefully brush a loose strand of hair away from the sleeping boy's forehead, Eddie's lashes fluttered against his cheek, and his eyes opened.

"Sorry," Richie whispered. "Didn't mean to wake you."

"It's okay. I was just dozing," he yawned. "What time is it?"

"About two am."

Richie stood up to stretch.

"Want to get some fresh air?"

"Yeah."

They grabbed their blanket and went outside to sit on the front steps. Blanket wrapped around their shoulders, they cuddled up close to each other. As Eddie tucked his head against Richie's shoulder with a contented sigh, Richie dug into the front pocket of his jeans, pulling out a small item.

"Here," he said, pushing it into Eddie's hand.

"Oh..." Eddie held it up to examine it. It was a bracelet, made from thin black and brown leather straps in intricate braiding.

"Made it myself," Richie said proudly. "Learned how from a library book." He took it from Eddie to fasten it around his wrist. "I had planned to give it to you on a special occasion, but what the hell."

"Well, this feels special enough to me," Eddie smiled warmly. "I love it, it's beautiful. Thank you."

He pressed a soft kiss on Richie's lips, then again rested his head against his shoulder. Richie pulled the blanket closer around them, and they sat there for a while in silence, breathing in the crisp autumn air, the earthy smell of decaying leaves, and looking up at the clear, starry sky. Glancing at Eddie, who was smiling to himself as he kept running his fingers over the bracelet around his wrist, Richie thought to himself how lucky he was. No matter how hard things got, he knew he would be okay as long as he had Eddie and the Losers. With them, he could survive anything - hell, he already had. Neglectful parents, bullies, teachers who turn a blind eye to said bullies, goddamn monster clowns... fuck 'em all.

*"As long as I have you, they won't break me. They won't break **us**."* He pressed a soft kiss on the top of Eddie's head.

"Fucking bring it on!"